

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

What a Night!

By LINCOLN ROTHBLEN.
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T WAS the coldest night Boston had had in many years. Two days, snowfall, accompanied by a freak blizzard sweeping down from Newfoundland, had buried the entire city in a heavy blanket of white. It was but nine o'clock this Saturday night and the elements, unrestrained, played at will in the empty streets. Main thoroughfares were strangely soundless, for even the street cars which prowl on their monotonous rounds night in and night out, had been locked in the barns like children forbidden to go out and play in untoward weather.

Dorchester, that beautiful suburb of the blue-blooded city, seemed to have shrunk within itself, and but for the mad wind, the all-embracing activity cast the hallowness of death about the snow-coated homes with their frozen windows reflecting in ghastly fashion the lights and shadows within. Against the panes the wind whistled wildly, hurrying its force with loud complaints at such resistance.

What a night!

Doris, wrapped up in a bathrobe of carmen-colored corduroy, pushed the hassock closer to the fire and snuggled in the comfortable warmth of the burning logs, which sent up myriads of asterisks and crescents as the flames ate into their piney hardness. Doris was an unusually pretty girl, but hers was not the rapid prettiness which is some girls' asset, for her sparkling eyes and well-turned features gave patent testimony that she possessed those fundamentals of character which appeal to men who count.

"Just a year ago tonight," she murmured dreamily, "but it was not so cold."

"Come Sis," remonstrated a comely lad of sixteen, who squatted, Indian fashion, close by her. "You mustn't always figure how long it is since that day. I'm big enough to know what men do, and I'll bet my new rifle Stanley Chalmers ain't no coward. What'll you bet?"

"You mustn't say 'ain't' nor use the double negative," Doris corrected as if by rote, "and though you may be big enough to know what men do, surely my judgment is not altogether wrong."

She was silent for a moment and then exclaimed: "Oh, Bobbie, I've thought about it and thought about it, until it seems my brain can never hold another thought."

The boy extended his cramped legs, and creaking them up before him, clasped his hands about his knees. He knew the would again hear the entire account of why his sister broke her engagement with Stanley Chalmers, and he wanted to be comfortable during the recital.

"It was not so cold as it is tonight," Doris began, as if reciting a well-learned lesson, "when we turned the corner of Dorchester and saxon streets. He had just been telling me he would protect me from all ills, when a horrible-looking fellow bumped into me and swore out a terrible oath. I surely expected Stanley would knock him down, but all he did was grab my arm and hustle me off."

"She paused as the wind, shrieking in a sally, tore around the house."

"When we got home," she continued pulling the bathrobe closer about her, "you were in the hall and heard me tell him I could never marry a coward."

"Yes," interrupted the boy, "when you handed him your ring, he walked out the door without saying a word. Gee, he was sore."

"But it could not have hurt him more than it did me."

"Aw, guess I'll get some more wood," Bob answered practically, and in an effort to change the subject, "the fire's dying down." The crisp crackling of the blaze did not seem to warrant replenishing and Doris attributed the boy's impatience to her family's lack of "sympathetic understanding."

In a few moments Bob returned from the kitchen, his arms laden with roughly chopped pine boughs. As he crossed the threshold between the two rooms and stopped to adjust his burden, from the upper regions of the house a terrific crash reverberated. The wood dropped from his arms and he dashed down the stairs swiftly to his sister.

"What is it?" his lips formed the words his voice refused to utter.

Doris jumped up from the hassock. The fire, suddenly diverted by the changeable gale, threw out flaming tongues which seemed to find an affinity of color in her scarlet bathrobe.

"Someone has broken in," Doris responded in an casual a tone as she could muster in her effort to conceal her fear. Crossing the room to the telephone, she raised the receiver, but Central did not answer. The storm had broken the wires.

"We must see who it is," she whispered, thoroughly frightened, and grasped the rod used to stir up the embers.

The boy had a broom in his quaking arms, and as he followed at a respectful distance, encouragingly answered, "Yes, of course, we must see. You go ahead, Sis, don't be afraid, I'm right behind you."

Doris walked into the hall on tiptoe, and as she ascended the first three steps, the house again resounded with a crash seldom heard this side of his father's Majesty's realm. Terror-stricken, they clung to one another for support. For Doris was but a girl, and Bobbie, so lately affirming his maturity, was but a young boy.

They must get help. With a dash through the short hall, they threw open the porch door, and as they stood on the piazza shivering in the nipping cold, their quivering shadows mingled with the dancing arms of the giant elm reflected in the snow. The dim light from the street lamp revealed not a soul—no help from any quarter. What should they do? Doris's shrill call was lost in the shrieks of the wind.

What went there? Was that a man kicking the door? Was that some

USE LEMON MAGIC IN HOUSE,
FOR HEALTH, FOR BEAUTY

By BIDDY BYE.

We have omitted the halcyon days of golden apples and magic fruits from Fairyland—but we have a fine modern substitute—the ordinary—and extraordinary LEMON.

Any woman can do wonders with a lemon. Its versatility is almost uncanny and she who is mistress of its valuable mysteries is able to command its service in housekeeping, in cooking, in the laundry, at her table, in the medicine chest and on her toilet table.

From Fletcher Berry's interesting book on Fruit Recipes come some most valuable hints on unusual uses of the lemon—among them a novel lemon-on-potato pie. To make add to the grated rind and juice of two lemons 1 cupful of grated raw potato, 1 cupful of cold water and 1 cupful of sugar. Mix well, add 1 tablespoonful of cornstarch and use as a filling for a baked pie crust. Cover with meringue and bake.

An excellent recipe for lemon flavoring comes from the same source. For the extract of lemon pare fresh, firm lemons quite thin and cover the shavings of the yellow part of the rind with pure grain alcohol. Put in bottles and cork very tight. When the alcohol turns bright yellow it is ready for use and should be poured off the rind into another bottle from which it is used in cooking.

As a tonic and blood purifier lemon ranks highest among the fruits. It is particularly valuable for disorders of the liver. The Italian lemon cure for malaria recommends: "Slice thin one lemon, including rind, and put in a saucepan with one and one-half pints cold water. Cook down to 1-2 pint, strain through cloth, let cool and drink

enveloped in a great coat, a real man—sent by Providence to help them in their predicament? Would he pass their house? Did he not hear them?"

"Help! Help!" they called out in unison, "we're being robbed! There's a murderer upstairs! Help!"

The man did hear. He was turning. He was coming towards them. As he vaulted the low stoop, Bob pointed, "upstairs."

He cleared the first three steps with a single bound, ignoring the poker Doris mutely held out. "Better that than nothing," she subconsciously thought, and followed up in his wake.

Into one bedroom and then the other he cast the glare of his pocket flashlight. Under the beds and in the closets, no corner escaped his rigid inspection. And then into the bathroom.

The door stubbornly refused to open. Someone was hiding it. Throwing his full weight against it, the opening grudgingly, inch by inch, widened, while great gusts of giant wind blasts from the open window threatened their balance and roared ugly dissent at each intrusion. They entered the bathroom and the door banged tight as the flashlight went out.

Alone in a dark bathroom with a strange man and a burglar!

What a night!

Doris screamed.

The man located the electric switch and light filled the room. A slight star against the opposite wall brought them about face on the defensive. And they saw—an extension lead to the

before retiring. Take no evening meal before using the lemon juice and continue the treatment several days."

Good housekeepers find lemon juice an invaluable aid in cleaning, as its acid removes grease, dirt and stains with almost miraculous power. To clean ivory, in knife handles and toilet articles, use a little lemon juice and fine salt on a bit of flannel. The same treatment cleans and whitens marble surfaces. Ink stains and iron rust spots disappear from white clothing if first covered with salt which is then wet with lemon juice. Place the stained cloth in bright sunshine and allow the lemon and salt to cover the spots several hours. If necessary repeat the treatment until the stain disappears. Pour boiling water through the cloth to remove stain traces.

Among the most interesting accomplishments of the versatile lemon is its excellence as a beautifier. If the feminine seeker for beauty is overplump or inclined to biliousness and its sallow skin she should begin her lemon treatments by taking a large glass of unsweetened lemonade each morning a half hour before breakfast. Continue at least a week. For sallow, tanned or discolored skin the following lemon lotion is excellent: Mix 2 ounces of clear strained lemon juice with 2 ounces of pure alcohol, 1/2 ounce of white rose extract. Shake and mix thoroughly and then add 2 ounces of peroxide of hydrogen, 2 ounces of glycerin and 16 ounces of water. Strain and bottle, corking tight. Wash the face well in soap and warm water and apply the lotion with absorbent cotton pledgets. Allow to remain over night.

diningroom table slip from its moorings and join its mate at the bottom of the bathtub in a crashing embrace.

The man laughed. Doris sank to the floor. He assisted her down the stairway where Bob sat in frightened patience. In a few moments she was composed.

"That we found no burglar does not lessen my gratitude, Mr. —"

The man lowered the high collar closely concealing his head.

"Stanley!" Doris gasped.

"Didn't I tell you he was brave!" yelled Bob, pulling the hero toward the fire.

And as they gathered about its comforting warmth, Doris looked up into eyes of soft brown and gently asked: "But, Stan, won't you explain about a year ago?"

The man squared his shoulders. "I knew that fellow wouldn't hurt you for he was only drunk. But I didn't want to embarrass you by the crowd that would have gathered had I struck him."

"Why didn't you tell me all this before?"

"You never gave me the chance to explain. You just judged me."

Doris hung her head in contrition. "Forgive me, Stan," she whispered, as she sought the comfort of his protecting arms, naively added: "Can't you see I'm catching cold without my ring?"

Made of a single piece of wire, a bookholder has been invented that stands upon a reader's lap or chair and leans against a table, leaving its user's hands free.

:: CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE ::

I tell you, little book. I was glad that Donna and Mollie and Mary came over this afternoon. If they had not come I think there would have been an open quarrel between Barclay Sill and Jim. Jim could not have been as busy as he thought he would be, for he came in very early and I will say this for old Jim, he has tact—when he wants to have it. He did not say anything about the party and my abrupt departure. Instead, he began immediately to talk to me about the business.

Finally Richard Waverly III was brought in. It is perfectly beautiful, little book, to see the way Jim loves that baby. He seems perfectly happy when he has him in his arms and will sit for minutes looking into the unconscious face.

Today I could see a mist in his eyes when the tiny mouth turned up at the corner in perfect semblance to one of Dick's fascinating crooked smiles.

"Look Margie," he said suddenly, "could there be a better miniature of Dick?"

I suddenly put out my arms for the baby, but as I felt its tiny body against my breast, I felt all the more bereft and lonely and I burst into sobs.

Jim stood looking at me for a moment and then, as I could not wipe away the tears that were running down my cheeks, he gravely took his handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped my face carefully as a mother would dry the tears of a child.

The action was as absurd as it was kindly, and I laughed a little hysterically at the thought of how the picture would impress any of our friends.

Jim, however, has a bigger soul than I; he had no self-consciousness. His heart seemed only full of love for Dick's baby and pity for Dick's wife.

"I am sorry Margie," he said, "to see you cry, for it tells me that you are unhappy, but I think that tears will do your overburdened heart good."

I looked at him in surprise. Was it possible that Jim—dear old Jim—who had never struck me as thinking much about anything he was not compelled to, had that finer understanding of human happiness and human grief for which I had been grouping all my life?

Most people say "don't cry" simply because to see you cry makes them unhappy. They are perfectly willing you should be unhappy if you keep it to yourself.

"Don't cry dear, please don't cry," we say to someone to whom the blessed balm of tears comes like a benediction.

One of the things that is impressed upon all women is the foolishness of crying in the presence of a man. A woman is told that one reason she must not do this is that it spoils, for the moment, her beauty.

But in time, little book, a woman comes to know she must not cry before a man because she will make him uncomfortable—and when a man is uncomfortable, he promptly proceeds to eliminate the cause of his discomfort if he can.

First he tries to dry the tears. If he finds that impossible he simply goes away and leaves the woman to her solitary solace.

Worthington

Booze Causes Trouble.

On Sunday night several parties taken up on bootlegger whiskey and it seems to have been a very bad brand from the way it caused them to act. John Gillingham seemed to be the worst affected. Some traveler, passing in an automobile was attacked by Gillingham and the wind shield of his car was demolished and it was reported that the sight of one eye was destroyed by the broken glass. The name of the owner of the car was not learned but he went on to Fairmont and reported the case to the officers there and deputy sheriff, Howard Adams, came up on Monday and arrested Gillingham and took him to Fairmont. He gave bond and was released for the present.

Degrees Conferred.
The local lodge of Odd Fellows conferred the third degree on Edward Byard on Tuesday evening. One of the candidates was elected to receive the Initiatory degree. Mr. Byard is among the number who will enroll at Mannington on Wednesday morning for Camp Meade, Admiral, Md. With the contingent leaving on Wednesday the Odd Fellows lodge here will add two more stars to their service flag making twelve in all. A beautiful silk flag has been ordered.

Loot Found.
On Monday when Alpheus A. Rinehart was remodeling his stable so as to accommodate a Ford car he found under the floor a case containing nine pairs of shoes which had evidently been hidden there by some of the larks here within the past year. The shoes were so badly damaged that they were worthless, the water having been over them during the floods last winter.

Another Lodge to be Organized.
A large number of colored people residing at nearby mining towns are considering the matter of organizing a lodge of colored Odd Fellows and meeting in the hall here. They will hold their meetings semi monthly.

PERSONALS.
Fred W. Taggart was calling on friends in Clarksburg on Monday. He leaves on Wednesday for Camp Meade.

Anthony L. Mason was transacting business in Fairmont on Monday. Chas. R. Atha and Henry King were business visitors in Clarksburg on Tuesday.

Jack Daily, of Monongah, was a business caller here on Tuesday.

Jord Hess, of Binghamton, was in town on Tuesday afternoon. He was on his way to Huntington to attend a meeting of the West Virginia Gas Producers Association.

B. H. Skinner, of Kilmar, was calling on old friends here on Monday.

A Missouri livery stable keeper put his hand in a mule's mouth to see how many teeth the mule had. The mule closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had, and the curiosity of both man and mule was satisfied.

LAUREL POINT

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gidley, of Morgantown, were calling on W. O. Mercer the 21st.

Jno. Price, wife and daughter, of Opekiska, were visiting relatives here last Sunday.

Mrs. Ida Henry left the 20th for Morgantown to spend a week with her son, Claude Henry.

Carol Berry went to Wyatt Saturday to visit his mother, Mrs. Fannie Berry.

Jno. Lough and wife and Glen Henry and wife recently spent an evening visit with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Shafer near Easton.

Mrs. Mayme Largent, of Morgantown, spent a few days with her father, W. A. Loar.

Mary Stevens, of Westover, was here on a few days' visit with her grandmother, Mrs. S. J. Stevens.

Mrs. Jane Thompson was on a short visit with her sister, Mrs. Nan Hare, of near Morgantown, returning Sunday.

O. C. Henry and wife were calling on Elroy Henry at Georgetown the 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. Oren Jones and children were at Hagans Saturday night and Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cal. Morris.

Ray Henry, wife and three children were guests of Mrs. Henry's father, Geo. M. Furman, last Sunday.

Not far from Fresno, Cal., a summer home has been constructed underground.

MRS. C. G. LOUDEN
FOUND A FRIEND
IN NERV-WORTH

State Street Resident Now Sleeps "The Whole Night Through."

This is one of those local signed Nerv-Worth statements which have won such marked attention:

"Before taking my Nerv-Worth tonic was so nervous I could not rest or sleep. Took one bottle and a half and feel much better and can lie down and sleep the whole night through and not wake once."

"And I have been able to walk further than I have for one year. Feeling wonderful improvement. Can highly recommend your tonic."

"MRS. C. G. LOUDEN,
724 State St., Fairmont, W. Va."

Your dollar back at Crane's drug store, Fairmont, if Nerv-Worth does not help you.

Neighboring agents: H. J. Mathews & Co., Mannington; W. P. Moran, Farmington; F. J. Yost, Fairview; Windsor Drug Co. and the Honaker Pharmacy, Monongah; Johnson's Pharmacy, Shinnston; Grant Graham, Belington; W. O. Davis, Philippl-Adv.

Orgood's
for
Quality

White and Gingham
TUB DRESSES

A Sale!

at

\$5.00

About 50 good looking wash Dresses have been taken from our regular stock of good styled and well made Dresses that sold up to \$10.00. At one price for quick selling

\$5.00

WINFIELD.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Swisher were calling at Russel Harr's a short while Sunday evening.

Charley Baker, who has been ill for the past few days, is thought to be better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hall and daughter, of Fairmont, were calling on the former's father, Ray Hall, Sunday last. James Starett was calling on Mr. D. C. Baker Sunday last.

Miss Mary Frye has gone to visit her father Fred Frye, for a few days.

Mrs. Eliza Satterfield, of Fairmont, has been spending the past few days with friends at Winfield.

Miss Wilma Hawkins and Miss Edna Swisher were calling on Miss Mabel Satterfield Saturday and Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hawkins were calling on Scott Baker Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moore were calling on the former's father, Owen Moore, Sunday evening last.

Mrs. Charles Satterfield and daughter, of Fairmont, were calling at Aaron Satterfield's Sunday last.

Big Reductions on All Fancy
Groceries for Friday & Saturday

All Brands of Milk, except Carnation, per can	11c
No. 3 Can Tomatoes	21c
Early June Peas	15c
Best Grade of Corn	17c
1 lb. Crisco	31c
No. 3 Can Hominy	10c
5c Sunbright Cleanser, 6 for	25c
\$1.00 Size Log Cabin Syrup	93c
50c Size Log Cabin Syrup	47c
25c Size Log Cabin Syrup	23c
Old Reliable Coffee at	25c
White House Coffee at	35c
Other Good Brands, Steel Cut	25c-30c
Rice per bag	10c
Jello, per pck	09c
Navy and Lima Beans	18c
Yellow Pinto Beans 2 lbs	25c
Black Eyed Peas 2 lbs	25c
Mothers and Armours Oats, Pck.	13c

MEATS

Fresh Liver, Lb.	15c
Fresh Pork Sausage	29c
Fresh Spare Ribs	19c
Fresh Neck Bones 3 Lb.	25c

All these goods are strictly fresh and the best ever, guaranteed every item. Will pay \$25.00 or any customer who will prove short weight in our store.

We are still selling a medium Can Lard, net weight, 4lb. 2 oz. at \$1.75.

Having done business in Fairmont for 4 year—and expect to remain further and do a legitimate business as before.

We give our customers a square and fair deal all the time.

Star Cash Market

117 MAIN STREET

Phone 233

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THEY WERE THE LATEST BUT A LITTLE LATE)—BY ALLMAN.

